

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, 1866.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

BARBARISM.

Cruel Treatment and Death of Bishop Hammington in Africa.

LONDON, Oct. 30.—Theodary of Bishop Hammington, who was put to death by order of King Manga, of Uganda, Africa, has been published, giving the details of the last week of his life. He describes the arrival of his party at Subwas, where the chief, at the head of 1,000 troops, demanded ten guns and three barrels of powder. The chief asked Bishop Hammington to remain with him for a day and the latter complied. While taking a walk the bishop was attacked by about twenty natives. He struggled with his assailants but became weak and faint and was dragged violently a long distance by the legs. When his persecutors halted they stripped him, robbed him and imprisoned him in a noisome hut, full of vermin and decaying bananas. While he was lying there ill and helpless, the chief and his wives came out of curiosity to feast their eyes on him. On the next day he was allowed to return to his own tent, where, though still ill, he felt more comfortable. He was still guarded, however, by natives. He remained in bed during the following day, parties of the chief's wives, out of idle curiosity, coming daily to see him. He was allowed to send messages to his friends, but he believed that they were intercepted. On the seventh day he writes, the fever continued; that night the place swarmed with vermin, that the guards were drunk and noisy, and he was unable to sleep. At last he became delirious. On the eighth day, October 20, he was conscious. His entries on this day were brief. "No news. A hyena howled all night, smelling a sick man. Hope he will not have me yet." This is the final entry. It is believed that shortly after writing this he was taken out and put to death. Throughout the week there were frequent entries referring to the comfort he derived from reading psalms.

Weather Indications.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 30.—The weather indications are as follows:

Indiana, fair weather, slightly warmer.

STRUCK GAS.

A Good Vein of the Natural Stuff Tapped in This City.

The workmen at the well near Berghoff's brewery struck a vein of gas with their drill last evening at 4:30. While a great crowd stood about sniffing the vapor some one struck a match and instantly there was a serious explosion. A son of Mr. Linker's out there was badly burned, an employee of White's wheel works had his whiskers scorched, and others suffered slightly. Now the gas escapes through a six inch pipe on the side and burns constantly. It will be sent through a two inch pipe to morrow and this will make a strong, high flame.

Monday or Tuesday the projectors will "shoot" or "blast" the well with nitro-glycerine. This dangerous explosive will be brought over land from Lima and by means of tubing it is inserted into and exploded at the bottom of the well. It generally tears an opening as big as a hay stack in the bowels of the earth. Here the gas can gather and it will gush. The gentlemen interested in the well have a bonanza.

They are Not Candidates.

To the Editor of the SENTINEL.

There is being circulated a national ticket with the names of R. B. Green and Capt. J. H. Rohan on the same. Our names were used without our knowledge. We are not candidates and trust our friends will not be deceived.

R. B. GREENE.

J. H. ROHAN.

Fort Wayne, Oct. 29, 1866.

Haley's Trial.

Bill Haley's trial for the murder of Matthew Crosby, last spring, began Tuesday at Paulding. W. H. Snook and M. D. Mann appeared for the state, and Col. B. F. Enos and T. B. Holland, for the defense. The attorneys for the defense made a motion for a change of venue which was overruled by Judge Sutphen. Out of the thirty-six names from which to select the jurors, only ten were found who could serve, and these will be subject to challenge. Wednesday a new venire was struck and the deputy sheriffs are out serving summons on the same. This is as far as the trial has progressed.

Judge Hench's Farm.

Prof. N. D. Doughman, of this city, has returned from Port Royal, Pa., the old home of Judge Hench. Mr. Doughman was born and raised in Abbot township, in this county, and has been for several years principal of the New Haven schools. We print below the following communication from him, which will relate a campaign he started against Judge Hench:

Fort Wayne, Oct. 29.

DEMOCRATS!

You are Likely to Lose the Lower House of Congress.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—Last evening a gentleman saw the figures at the democratic congressional committee headquarters showing probable democratic losses on Tuesday next. They are as follows: "New York, 4; New Jersey, 2; Virginia, 1; West Virginia, 1; North Carolina, 1; Ohio, 5; Michigan, 4; Indiana, 1; Illinois, 2; Iowa, 2; Kentucky, 1; Pennsylvania, 1; total losses, 25." The gains claimed are: "California, 2; Tennessee, 1; South Carolina, 1; total, 4, leaving a conceded democratic loss of 21. As there is a democratic majority of but one in the fifth congress, this is alarming to democrats.

The republicans are making a desperate effort to carry the general assembly in order that they may return Ben Harrison to the United States senate, that he may continue to wage war against the appointment of honest and capable men to government positions on the sole ground that they are democrats.

CAN YOU DOUBT THIS!

Hon. J. K. Edgerton Examines the Law Carefully and Gives an Honest Opinion That Capt. J. B.

White is Not Eligible

* * * to a Seat in Congress.

Is J. B. White Eligible?

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

The question stated, having been raised, and voters fore-warned, it cannot be settled, either by Captain White's declaration, "I am a citizen of the United States," nor by the opinion of any number of lawyers.

In the absence of a statement of the facts on which they base it, "The Lawyer's Card," published in THE SENTINEL of last evening, signed by Judge Morris, and others of Captain White's avowed supporters, should influence no fair mind. American citizenship is too valuable a possession to be trifled with and what the constitution and the laws require in regard to it, cannot be waived or put aside for the sake of Captain White or the incongruous combination of political schemers, who are using him to effect, if possible, the defeat of Judge Lowry.

Every good citizen is concerned to know the right of this case, be the effect what it may.

Captain White's alienage up to at least the 24th day of July, 1858, when he declared his intention to become a citizen is an undisputed fact. If he then became, or has since become a citizen, the evidence must be record evidence, and exist somewhere, and be capable of production. A lost record or lost evidence is not alleged. Has the evidence been produced? If so, what is it? Who has seen it?

These are the points of the case:

1. If Captain White claims to be a citizen by virtue of his declaration of July 24, 1858, he must show by record evidence that he subsequently, and not less than two years after July 24, 1858, was "admitted" to citizenship by proceedings in a competent court, duly "recorded" by the clerk of the court.

Such evidence does not exist, and therefore, Captain White, is not by virtue of any such proceedings, a citizen.

2. If Captain White claims to be a citizen under the 21st Section of the Act of congress of July 17, 1862, by virtue of having been "honorably discharged" from the military service of the United States, he must show that he has been legally admitted to such citizenship by conformity to that act.

1. He must have filed "his petition" and renounced his allegiance to his former sovereign.

2. He must have proved "one years" residence in the United States previous to his application.

3. He must have proved "good moral character."

4. Made proof of his "having been honorably discharged from the service of the United States."

Until these four pre-requisites to his being "admitted" to citizenship are established, by proceedings in court, Captain White cannot be a citizen. It is not the military service, nor the discharge, nor the one year's prior residence, nor the moral character that admits a man to citizenship, but the proceedings in court, verifying the facts and proved by the record.

3. If Captain White bases his claim to citizenship upon the first section of the act of congress of May 26, 1824, declaring the conditions upon which an alien minor may become a citizen, after a continuous residence of three years prior to his becoming of full age, &c., he must show that he has complied with the conditions of that law, by filing the application and making the proof it requires. It cannot be pretended that Captain White's affidavit and declaration of July 24, 1858, was intended to be, or was in fact, a proceeding under that act, and he is not therefore a citizen by virtue of it.

In all these proceedings for naturalization, one cardinal fact is essential—an absolute renunciation under oath of the applicant's former allegiance—in White's case only a declaration of intention is shown, not an absolute renunciation.

Lastly. Admitting that Captain White can now, by proper proceeding in court, "be admitted" a citizen under his first declaration of 1858, or file "his petition" and make the proper proof, and "be admitted," under the act of July 17, 1862, or make "his application" and proper proof, and "be admitted" under the act of May 26, 1824, he will become a citizen only from the time of his admission. By no act of his now or hereafter, can he antedate his citizenship, or become a citizen by relation.

To be eligible to be a representative in congress, now, or on the 4th of March next, he must for seven years prior to the commencement of his term of office, have been a citizen of the United States.

Now, Captain White has not been a citizen of the United States for seven years.

If he is not a citizen, he is not eligible.

Now, Captain White is not a citizen.

Now, Captain White is not eligible.

FASHION'S REIGN.

Notes About Styles, Materials, and Colors of Feminine Apparel.

COSTUMES, BONNETS, HATS, ETC.

A Variety of Information Upon the All-Important Question, What Shall We Wear?

Plush and Cashmere.

The reign of plush is thoroughly established and its rule is absolute. Plush for the breakfast gown, plush for the tea gown, plush for the street, plush for the reception costume, plush for the dancing dress—the uses into which plush is forced are manifold, and it is centering feminine favor upon itself in a fashion thoroughly characteristic of a age of rings and monopolies. It is plush here, there, and everywhere—plush stripes upon silk, plush stripes upon satin, plush pure and simple. The accepted clothing of woman is plush for her gown, for her wrap, for her bonnet, plush from head to foot.

Plush is not an arbitrary ruler; it allows the utmost variety in the homage of its subjects. So long as they waver not in their allegiance to its scepter, they may use their own discretion, follow without cheek the leadings of their own fancy, the latest whim of their caprice in the methods of their devotion. Plush overskirt, underskirt, drapery, or panels, at the will of its wearer; it matters not how it is used, as long as its rightful claims to prominence in the costume are not neglected. A dancing dress has a plain skirt of pale-blue plush. Over this is draped a light and airy blue tinsel, caught at the waist, falling down one side and carried across the front in easy, careless fashion. The back is plaid and full, and a broad sash of blue brocade ribbon falls over it. The basque is pointed and laced with silk cords, and blue liss fills the low, square-cut neck. The mate to this dress is of pink plush with draperies of pink embroidered lace. A matinee, not to say in plain English, morning gown, is of pink surah, with full front of green gros grain is a most striking toilet, with trimmings of jet on skirt and corsage, and in heliotrope there is a lovely dress with skirt of tunic, tunic of soft plain silk, with large box plait down center, studded with ornaments in shaded heliotrope beads, and on the right side of this plait is a narrow panel of embroidered silk, showing as many shades of heliotrope silk as are in the beads on the panel. Tunic draped on the left side, falling plainly on the right side over long puffs of the material. Corsage of moire, with open field of plain silk over an embroidered faille plastron. Sleeves of silk embroidered on the outside, with collar embroidered to match.

For deep mourning a very handsome costume of B. Priestley's silk warp Henrietta is profusely trimmed with Courtland's crape, arranged in skirt in vandykes of plait and put on in plastrons and bands. The mantle of Henrietta has shoulder sleeves of crape and is bordered about its edges with a band of crape. The bonnet is of crape, with dull jet beads. The silk warp camel's-hair fabrics are also among the varnished board novelties, and these come in jet and blue-blacks for mourning costumes and ordinary full-dress wear.

Fashion Notes.

SERGES have broad-fringed sashes, with bordures in Roman effects.

A UNIQUE silver bouquet-holder is studded with pearls and rubies.

A RING of beauty has a small diamond but with eyes of turquoise.

FEATHER turbans are trimmed with bands of pheasants' or eagles' feathers.

SERGES, with chevron ground, have palm-leaf patterns in run-work in self-colors.

AN umbrella has a monkey deftly poised on a kitten's back for a silver handle.

WHITE gloves with embroidery simulating bracelets are worn in second mourning.

BONNETS have pointed medieval crowns, outlined with frise plush or astrakan.

DRESSES, with plush stripes, dots, or chains for the border, have overdresses of plain serge.

GOLD, silver, or bronze is seen in combination with dark red and navy blue in galloons.

A CHARMING design in a vase is of shaded pink Parian, fine-seaweed deftly ornamenting the exterior.

WOOLEN goods show stripes, plaids, and small designs. Floriated and large patterns are not seen.

HATS are not as high as formerly. The straight arrangement of trimming, however, seemingly increases their altitude.

A TINY dog with his tongue protruding every time the tiny match-box he holds is opened is the latest in pocket match-safes.

WOOLEN materials, in green or blue, have cross-bands of brown wool, with the horizontal bars embroidered with cross-stitch of silk.

CHAINS are worn "short and sweet," if any one may judge by the ebony and gold-linked ones, with a candy or fruit for a pendant.

AN ebony true-dove's knot, with a single diamond of great brilliancy for the center, is a unique and graceful brooch for a lady.

PLUSH brocades, showing exquisite tints in various lights, have Persian designs. They are employed for panels, and are in all the new colors.

AMBER jewelry, so fashionable, is still to the fore. The rich brunet complexion is enhanced by the fair, clear sparkle, and the blonde is rendered still fairer by the sparkle of the gems. It is seldom we see a piece of jewelry that looks well on both brunet and fair demoiselles. This bids fair to hold deserved favor.

BULGARIAN embroidery is to be the next craze; it is worked in colored silks with gold spangles; the embroidery is so close that the material can hardly be seen; this will form panels, collar, vest, or revers, and sleeve-cuff or band, as we seem to be getting back to the full sleeve, the intent is the sleeve slightly full at the wrist, and finished with a small cuff or band.

She makes her daily rounds of calls and visits, laden voluntarily with a number of presents, and a special offer.

A Highly-Seasoned Pot-Pourri Dished Up Especially for the Tender Sex.

FAIR WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS.

A Bit of Poetry, a Little Humor, and Some Solid Chunks of Useful Information.

Her Way to Say "No."

My sweetheart sat knitting. "My darling,"
"I have had a most beautiful dream."
She sighed not to hear me, and made no reply;
I said simply: "I'm turning the seam."
I reached for the knitting—a mesh of soft white.
That she held in her fingers so small;
But she said: "Don't distract me, I'm busy to-
night."
I'm knitting a sock for a doll."

Don't tease me so, darling." I pettishly cried;

"You're just dying to hear, I'll be bound—"

But she pushed back her curls as she softly re-
plied:

"Just wait till I've knitted a round."

I waited awhile, then closer I drew,

And, breaking of silence the seal,

I said: "Now you're ready, let me tell it to
you."

She answered: "I'm setting the heel."

I smiled, and I frowned, and I looked up at the
couch.

Repeating that soon I must go—

Then looked at my tener—she held up the sock—
Saying: "Would you put me in the toot?"

"You shall peer me, darling, you dearest of
girls!"

She placed both her hands on her brow,

And laughingly said, as she threw back her
curls:

"Just wait, I am narrowing now."

I dreamed of a cottage close down by the sea,
Neath the bright and blustery of skies."

She answered: "Sit farther away from me,
please."

My needle will get in your eyes."

I dreamed we were there in that home on the
shore,

And that love, darling, love made us rich—"

I told you to sit further off once before;

You're the cause of my dropping a stitch."

At last it was finished, then madly I said:

"And I, dearest, lover or friend?"

She took the small scissors and severed the
thread,

Saying: "Wait till I've fastened the end."

"Will you marry me, darling?" I said in low
tone.

There was nothing to do but to go,

For I learned at the last what I first might have
known—

It was always her way to say "No."

Gumpson's Concert.

Gumpson, worsted in an argument
about the training of children: "Madam,
perhaps you think I am a fool?"

Mrs. Gumpson, calmly: "Perhaps,
my dear, you really think you are not."

—Philadelphia Press.

Remarkable Conversions.

"There has been a revival in our
town."

"Many people converted?"

"Oh yes, and among them twenty
pupils of the female college."

"How do you know they are con-
verted?"

"Because they have declared their
determination to flirt with none but
divinity students hereafter."

Lord's Loving Dream.

"It is a beautiful song," he said, as
the flute-like tones of her voice and the
tum-tum of the piano accompaniment died
away in the frescoes of the ceiling,
"but I am not partial to secular music.
I love the grand old hymns best."

"Indeed?" she said, as she ran her
fairy fingers up and down the seven
octaves.

"Yes," he exclaimed enthusiastically,
"the grand old hymns for me."

"Well," she murmured, as a rose
blush stole over her damask cheeks and
the long, silken lashes shaded the
bright and beautiful eyes, and a sigh
soft as the perfumed zephyr that rustles
the leaves in the unbraided grove at
eve when the diamond dewdrop trembles
on the petals of the modest

feathers of the plumy bosom, "well I
do not know that I can blame you, for
I am fond of a certain hymn myself."

Then a season of osculation ensued,
over which we regretfully drop the
curtain.—*London Courier*.

The Impetuosity of Women.

If there is anything characteristic of
Americans of which they are more
proud than any other, it is the courtesy
which the men who are natives of this
country exhibit toward women, and the
respect which the gentle sex receives
in public. This is a trait of the American
character of which the Americans are
justly proud, and in which they
doubtless excel the people of any other
country. But while this is true of men,
it is a matter to be deeply regretted
that as much cannot be said of the
women of this country.

WOOLEN goods show stripes, plaids,
and small designs. Floriated and
large patterns are not seen.

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slightly full at the wrist, and finished
with a small cuff or band.

country do consider that they are
wronged when there is any neglect to
show them courtesy, but it is a disgrace
to American women that for this cour-
tesy there is so frequently nothing
given in return.

The truth of this is seen every day
upon the streets of Denver, as well as
of other American cities. It is seen in
street-cars, upon railway trains, and in
places of public resort. In ugly
weather, when the streets are muddy,
it is no uncommon thing to see two
women, walking side by side upon a
crossing, force some man whom they
meet to make way for them by stepping
out into the mud. Neither of the
women in this case seems to feel her-
self to be under any obligations what-
ever to step behind her companion so
as to let the man have one of the walks.
Possibly the women have not seen that
the man has stepped off the crossing
into the mud, or if they have they do
not care. They think that it was nothing
more than he was bound to do, and
so they pass on in selfish disregard of
his discomfort, and heedless of the fact
that they have been very rude.

This is but an illustration of the
truth in what we have said of the
politeness of American women. It is also
frequently illustrated in such a place as
the postoffice. Men often stand
patiently at the letter or stamp window,
waiting until women are served who have
come into the office long after them.
It is also exceedingly rare that women
ever think of waiting under
such circumstances, if the men are
strangers to them. The impoliteness
shown by women to men in street-cars
is almost proverbial. This is a great
discredit to our American women, and
their rudeness to strangers of their own
sex is probably more marked than their
lack of politeness to men. Better that
it should be so than that there should
develop in American men a failing to
show the utmost respect to women.
Any American gentleman would unite
with us in saying that the utmost
courtesy should be shown to women on
all occasions, whether they show a
proper appreciation of it or not. But,
nevertheless, American women have in
this matter a lesson to learn.—Denver
Tribune.

Napoleon III. and Mme. de Montijo.

The gossips since the fall of the Empire
say that the Emperor's declaration
was brought on by a somewhat comical
incident. They relate that, returning
from the chase one evening with Mme. de
Montijo, the Emperor ventured to
introduce himself at the door of her
private room and to linger there for a
moment; thereupon he was driven out
without ceremony, and the story adds,
with one or two vigorous blows from a
riding-whip. This, it was said, confirmed
his decided opinion as to the un-
impeachable virtue of the young Countess
and, it was not long before he
talked of marriage. He wrote a letter to
the mother of the adored one, and the
good lady, after having shown the
precious document to all her intimate
friends, allowed herself to be convinced,
and the engagement was soon an-
nounced to the company gathered at
Compiègne.

There was a great outpouring of scandal
as soon as this announcement was made.
The elder Countess of Montijo had
the dissatisfaction of seeing her
past reviewed without mercy, and the
Legitimist and other factions of the
Monarchical opposition to the new Emperor
gave full vent to their spleen and their satire.
The Prince Napoleon was naturally very angry,
but he had begun to cherish
of being the legitimate successor of
Napoleon III. Everywhere the coming
marriage was alluded to as an
eclipse; and so wise and careful a man as
M. Thiers even ventured to have his
little joke at the Emperor's expense.
He said: "The Emperor has always
seemed to me to be a clever man.
Today I see that he has plenty of foresight,
for by his marriage he is probably
reserving for himself the rank of a
Spanish grandee." This little ple-
asantry contained a delicate allusion to
the insecurity of the Emperor's position
in his Testament and pray every night."

"Yes," he said to himself. "I
know these fellows never pray; see how
full of fun they are."

"But you promised," Conscience
whispered.

"Mother never half knew how hard
it would be, or she would never have
asked me. Why, I shouldn't wonder if
they threw their shoes at me. There
wouldn't be any comfort praying that
way. I'll just jump into bed and say
my prayers there, and I'll read my
Testament to-morrow when they are
not looking."

So he quieted the voice of conscience
and slipped into bed, pulled the clothing
over his face to shut out the clutter,
and tried to pray. But he was not
happy, and the words would not come.
Presently it grew quiet, and he heard
one of the boys say: "John, it's your
turn to read to-night."

"So 'tis," was the answer.

And then he listened as John read
the fifth chapter of *Epistles*. "This is my
verse, boys," John said, as he finished.
"Be not drunk with wine, wherein
excess is excess; but be filled with
the spirit."

"That one about 'redeeming the time'
is mine," said one of the others.
"Seems to me that one about 'foolish
talking and jesting' comes

BY MARY L. CROCKER.

She is tall, and slender, and fair,
Upon our earth. Ah! close his eyes,
Gaze the home of sweet surprise,
Sweet surprise of love's reward.

Fold the hands that strove so hard
To unite those far apart—
Fold them 'bove his broken heart;
Pain and death are love's reward.

Kiss the lips which stonk pride;
Set a quiver off and off.
Oh! that those kisses, sweet and soft,
Had been given ere he died!

Oh! wounded dimpled feet, now rest;
For that true love is vain
To pain and tears he lost his quest.

Ah! he is dead—e'en him with me,
Crown him with us instead of rose;
Twill not disturb his deep repose,
Nor make him leas to me and you.

Ah! e'en him with me; our love is dead!
So cold and dead upon the earth,
Where once he made a heaven on earth;
When you and I were newly wed.

BE CHEERFUL.

BY M. VICTOR STALEY.

Though dark and dreary it may seem,
And clouds obstruct the sun;
Yet still the light is slender, though,
Though hidden from our eyes.

It's wait and watch awhile,
The clouds will pass away;
We'll see once more the azure skies,
And bright will be the day.

And thus it is with human life;
Some days seem dark and drear;
Across the sunshine of our hearts,
A cloud will appear.

Yet through it all the "Star of Hope"
Is ever shining bright;
And soon the troubled clouds of earth
Will vanish from our sight.

FAIRVIEW;

—D.R.—

One September
Night.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

CONTINUED.

"I'll do my best, Harvey," he said; "though I can promise nothing. Let us hasten on deck; there isn't an instant to lose. Here—go to a servant who was passing—help this gent man to the deck; I'll run on and speak to the captain."

He darted away on his errand, and with the help of the servant's arm I managed to climb the side. The Narrows were behind us, and the great swells of the Atlantic were cut by the good steamer's bows as she gazed headway. The pilot-boats that I had seen were now scattered and dilapidated; but a stout little steamer was dancing up and down on the great billows as she made for the Narrows. A hundred or more passengers were on deck, enjoying the sea-breeze and the exhilarating scene.

"There's the surgeon, sir," said the man, seeing me look curiously about. He pointed up to the bridge; there was Winfield, eagerly talking to the captain, and gesturing frequently with his hands. The captain shook his head; Albert persisted; again a shake of the head; then still a brave friend, coming with a fluttering heart could be pained! While I looked, the captain jerked a rope; in a moment the engines were stopped, the steamer's headway was almost checked, and the great vessel lay rising and falling on the waves. The steam-whistle sent forth two or three shrill screams, a'd to my delight the steam-ship turned about and darted back toward us. Albert was now by my side.

"It was not easy," he said, "but I coaxed the man into it. You haven't any money, of course, after your adventures?"

"Money—I should have; but on searching my pockets, I found that every cent had been taken from me. It was part of the plan that was exiling me from home and funds."

"No matter; take this till we meet again," and he pressed a bag of bills into my hand.

"And take some of this, too; you're all筋ing; you'll need it to brace your nerves for the jump you've got to make."

Took a liberal sum from his brassy-deck. The bag was now within hailing distance, and the captain shouted from the bridge:

"Ahoy, there! Will you take a passenger back to oblige me?"

"Ay, ay—if you can get him aboard of us."

The tug came carefully up to the huge side of the steamer, rising toward her and falling away alternately with the motion of the great billows. Clutching Albert's hand, and with his words of encouragement in my ear, I went down the board. The tug rose as I reached the last step; it was a dozen feet high, and I was within a dozen feet of the deck; the third, as you see from here."

I thanked him, and went on. I saw the goal of my journey before me; five minutes past before I could know of the safety of her I loved. I stepped forward, and hailed the man, as his awkward figure was disappearing up the rear.

"So abruptly did I stand in his way, that he started back as though he had encountered a ghost.

"Can you tell me," I asked, "where Hugh Staples lives now?"

"Who—old Hugh, as used to live in the cottage over yonder?"

"Yes. Where is he?"

"Why, you see, the new master over there has taken him out, and he has no summer place. He's living now in that little house yonder, on other side of the road; the third, as you see from here."

I thanked him, and went on. I saw the goal of my journey before me; five minutes past before I could know of the safety of her I loved. I stepped forward, and hailed the man, as his awkward figure was disappearing up the rear.

"Hullo! Do you know if there is a young woman stopping in Mr. Staples' family now?"

"Her that is sick? O, yes. She's been powerful bad, they say."

I waited to hear no more; I flew down the road to the house that was pointed out, and rapped at the door. Mrs. Staples answered my summons, with her finger on her lip; she recognized me, seized my hand and burst into tears.

"Paul!"

It was all that I could say. She understood me, and motioned me to enter.

"She has been sick very sick," she said, "she has been sick very sick. Her sense have failed her, but she still sleeps most of the time, but she still sleeps. Dr. Gray says, if she is to win back her health, come with me, but be silent."

She led me through the little, humble sitting room, into the sick chamber. There lay, my beloved, with closed eyes, beatiful in her weakness and pallor as a marble statue. I sat by her bedside; I gazed with an expressible rapture on her face. One fair, slender hand had strayed outside the coverlet; I yielded to the impulse, and took it in my own. Her glorious eyes suddenly closed; they saw me; a look of wonderful tenderness filled them. She laid her hand upon my arm; she beckoned me down to her; she clasped her arms about my neck.

"Paul!"

"Harvey—safe, thank God!"

And thus was she restored to me.

CHAPTER VIII.

They took me away from her—old Mrs. Staples and Rosalie Ridgewood, who were trying to attend her, told me that Dr. Gray said she had a fever, and that her life depended upon her having to stay in bed, and so, with a kiss upon her lips I permitted myself to be led away from the sick chamber into the sitting room. There, when I could sit down and calmly converse, they told me the substance of what Hugh Staples had put into his statement, far back in this narrative. It was only on the return of Dr. Beaumont from New York, three days before, and his positive statement that he had seen me there, in confirmation of the story which had been told of my felonious breaking into the Fairview mansion, that Paula had yielded to the terrible stress of excitement and mental agony that had for days oppressed her. For forty-eight hours she had lain insensible, with her eyes closed. Dr. Gray had faithfully attended her; and it was only during the past night that she had awakened pale, weak, more dead than alive—and faintly whispered my name. They had told her that I was coming; that I would be with her to-morrow; told her so to comfort and relieve her, and help her back to health, while their own hearts were sick and sore with the cruel fears that were prompted by my absence. And the morrow had come; and to their astonishment and joy, I had returned.

Presently old Hugh came in. He welcomed me as one returned from the grave; and no wonder is my own heart went out warmly to the faithful old man who had suffered for his devotion to his murdered master, and who had nobly and steadily stood by him, saying, "Master, can

we not have a little time?"

As the train approached the village, I was not surprised to find that I was not prepared for anything, but this prediction actually served me with indignation. My cheeks burned, my heart throbbed madly. I walked the floor for some moments before I could control myself.

"They are both here yet, are they, Hugh?"

"Who—Mr. Ferrers and Dr. Beaumont?"

"Yes, sir; I saw them both to-day, riding out to Fairview together."

"Will you come with me, Hugh? There is much to be done to vindicate my good name, and to avenge and punish these villains; and there shall be no delay. Let us meet now."

"With all my heart! You do the thinking and planning; the old head is worn with all this tangle of misery, and you must do the thinking to straighten it out. Where shall we go first?"

"To Mr. Warner, the prosecuting attorney."

We waited only for Dame Staples to make us a refreshing cup of tea, and then started forth on our mission.

CHAPTER IX.

It was by this time after dark, and we walked along the road without any fear on my part of recognition. We entered the village, and as we came upon the lighted streets I drew my hat down over my eyes and pulled up my coat-collar to escape the glances of the passers. My companion and I were silent; I did not express my thoughts to him; but I said to myself—that there shall not be any necessity for you to do this.

At the battle of Franklin, says the *Army Bulletin*, the first shell sent from the first Union piece to open fire killed two hundred and six Confederates. The next five shells from the same gun, either failed to explode or deflected the advancing lines. In this same fight, the horse of a Confederate Colonel was cut square in two by a shot, and the rider escaped unharmed. Ten minutes after, a Union officer behind the breastworks stumbled and fell forward on the ground, breaking his neck.

In one of the assaults on Fort Wagner, in Charleston harbor, the iron-clad fleet, assisted by land batteries numbering twenty-seven heavy cannon, bombarded the fort for two hours before killing a single soldier. From seventy to eighty heavy cannon were hurling three tons of iron at the fort each minute, and yet no one was hurt until over three hundred tons of "solid death" had been wasted.

Off to the right, the wife of a single soldier, who had been gashed in the leg, lay on the ground, screaming for help.

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ECZEMA

And Every Species of Itching and Burning Disease a Cured by Cuticura.

ECZEMA, or Salt Rheum, with its agonizing itching and burning, instantly relieved by a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and a single application of Cuticura, the great Skin Cure. This is the only safe and certain remedy for the losses of Cuticura Resolvent, the New Blood Purifier, to keep the blood cool, the perspiration pure and invigorating, the body clean, invigorating, and especially cure eczema. Tetter, ringworm, psoriasis, lichen, pruritis, scalp head, dandruff and every species of itching, seedy and simple skin disease, are all known remedies fail.

ECZEMA.

I gratefully acknowledge a cure of eczema and salt rheum, on head, neck, face, arms and legs for seventeen years; not able to walk except on hands and knees for over year; not able to hold a pen or pencil; not able to use any species of remedies; doctors pronounced my case hopeless; permanently cured by the Cuticura Remedies. WILL D. DEARON, D. C., Chicago, Ill.

ECZEMA.

Some five months ago I had the pleasure to inform you of my improvement in the use of the Cuticura Remedies in my case of severe chronic eczema erythema and to-day cheerfully confirm it I then said. I consider my cure perfect and complete and all the more remarkable because I have used no other. FERNAN ESENCHARD, 3306 Penna Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

ECZEMA.

I have suffered from salt rheum for over eight years, at times so bad I could not attend to my business for weeks at a time. Three boxes of Cuticura and four boxes of soap have entirely cured me of this dreadful disease. MR. JOHN THIEL, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

ECZEMA.

Are sold by all druggists. Price: Cuticura, 50 cents; Resolvent, \$1.00; Soap, 25 cents. Poter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BEAUTIFY the complexion and skin by using the Cuticura Soap.

I CAN'T BREATHE.

Chest pains, numbness, soreness, hacking cough, asthma, pleurisy, lung trouble by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. Nothing like it. At drugists, 25 cents. Potter Drug and Chemical Co.

Catarrhal Dangers.

To be freed from the dangers of consumption with all its attendant health, freely sleep soundly and undisturbed; to rise refreshed, head clear, brain active and free from pain or ache, know that no poisons, purgative, cathartics, or tonics can do this. The delicate machinery of smell, taste and hearing; feel that the system does not through its veins and arteries, subdue the power of the senses, and destruction is indeed a blessing beyond all other human enjoyments. To purchase immunity from such a fate should be the aim of all. But, let me assure you, who has tried many remedies and physicians, despair of relief or cure.

Sanford's Radical Cure meets every phase of Consumption and cures cold to the most loathsome and destructive stages. It is local and constitutional. Instant in relieving, permanent in curing, safe, economical and never fails.

Sanford's Radical Cure consists of one bottle of the Radical Cure, one box of Catarrhal Solvent, and one Impression of the same, all wrapped in one, and enclosed with directions and directions, and sold by all druggists for \$1.00.

POTTER DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

AUGHING BACKS

Weak Backs, Pain, Weakness and Inflammation of the Kidneys, through the spine, up and down, Backs, back of strength and activity relieved in one minute and speedily cured by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, a mere ointment and medicine, with no touch to pain and inflammation. At drugists, 25 cents for one dollar, or postage free of Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

Dr. A. C. HOXSIE'S

Certain Croup Cure

The only remedy known that CURE a violent case of CROUP in half an hour. Always keep it in the house.

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CERTAIN CROUP CURE DISKS!

For Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, Coughs, &c. Invaluable to Public Speakers, Singers and Actors. Try it and you will use no other.

Price \$1.00, FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

April 22nd.

CATAFARIS ELY'S CREAM BALM

CATARRH CURES COLD AT ONCE, CURES

Cold in Head, HAYFEVER, CATAFARIS HAYFEVER.

Not a liquid, soft

or powder. Free from injurious drugs and often gives odore.

HAY-FEVER.

A part is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circular free. Ely Bros., Druggists, Oswego N. Y.

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FUN.

"I'm not well—my brain." "I'm not well—cloudy day." "Poverty is all non-sense." "There is usually a cold snap when an apple falls." "A tramp ille when he labors under an impression?" "Gone, but not forgotten—the pick-pocket with your gold watch."

It is a fallacy to suppose that all marriages are unhappy. For every couple divorced, there are ninety-nine happy couples.—*Boston Courier*.

"Are you a native of this country?" asked the hospital physician of a fellow suffering with cramps. "No," was the painful reply; "don't you see I'm a foreigner?"—*Texas Siftings*.

A PORTLY young miss referred to a well-dressed young man as an idyl in broadcloth. "Yes, my dear," remarked the practical-minded chaperone, "he is a great loafer, if that is what you mean."—*Texas Siftings*.

FRIEND—You have taken unto yourself a life partner, I understand, since we last met? Husband—Yes, oh yes—married. I pose—Friend—Found your wife all that was expected, of course? Husband—Yes, oh yes—much more, in fact. I married a belle and have found her a Jezebel.—*Tid-Bits*.

HER ANSWER.
I asked for her hand and she murmured "Oh, my!" And gave me a smile from her love-swimming eye. She gave me her hand, while caressing her people, And said: "I am yours, sir, If you've got the bootee."—*Boston Courier*.

"I TELL you what it is, Fritz," said Gillispoo to his barber in a confidential way, "there's more in my head than my acquaintances give me credit for." "Yes; yes; you do need shampoo. That is a fact," replied Fritz as he peered downward between the spikes of Gillispoo's pompadour.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly*.

"The Washington letter hasn't come yet," said the foreman of a country paper to the editor; "what shall I put in its place?" "Oh, run in that column of 'Forty Cures for Croup and Mumps' that we ran in the last time. It may not be quite as fresh as the Washington letter, but the subscribers will find it less painful reading."—*Estelle Bell*.

WIFE (to husband)—I don't suppose that there is a man in this country whose sayings are repeated more than those of Mr. Talmage. Husband—Yes, and that accounts for the fact that he is always billions. Wife—Billions! Why, what has that to do with it? Husband—Don't you see? Can't you understand anything? His tongue is "quoted."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

THE YOUNG MAN ABOUT TOWN.
A little light mustache and bang. A little voice, with English twang. A little coat, ca'd cutaway. Of either black or darkest gray. A single class stuck in his eye. A little collar, very high. A little purse that's very light. Two little shoes too pointed quite. A little river-handed cane. No little rubbers for the rain. A little yellow colored glove. A little mouth that says "By Jove." A little walk with pretty Lou. A little "tuff" for sweet Sue. A little kiss, a stolen curl. Departs to see a bullet girl. A little stroll about the town. A little dinner worn down. A little cigarette to light. A little club, to go at night. A little lock of yellow hair. A little dish of gossip raw. A little tiny tailor's bill. He's out of town, the dude is ill.

—*The Theatres*.

COL. SELLERS' AN INVENTION OF BALZAC.

Just to fancy that even Col. Sellers is not at all a new or original character. Surely one would think that Sellers' distinct Americanism would be almost a guarantee of originality. But no. Col. Sellers is taken from Balzac, and stands before us bodily in Raymond, just as he was described and written in "Cesar Birotteau." I don't believe the turnips and the murder are there; but recall Col. Sellers' celebrated speech about the eau-de-vie, with its "There's millions in it," and read this translation from "Cesar Birotteau," by Honore de Balzac:

"Four sous!" said Birotteau. "Do you know that we could use oil at 3 francs, and make a profit of 30 sous, and give 20 sous discount to buyers?"

"Oil Cesarienne!" cried Papinot.

"Ah, lover! would you flatter both father and daughter? Well, well, so be it. Oil Cesarienne. The Caesars owned the whole world. They must have had fine hair."

"Cesar was bald," said Papinot.

"Because he never used our oil. Three francs for the Oil Cesarienne, while Macassar oil costs double! Guadissart to the fore! We shall make 100,000 francs this year, for we'll pour on every head that respects itself a dozen bottles a year—18 francs, say 18,000 heads—180,000 francs. We are millionaires!"—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

THE BRAKEMAN.
An inquisitive 6-year-old bobbed up as a brakeman, wearing a patent leather cap and a brass-buttoned blue suit, rushed through the cars in the unmerciful speech peculiar to his class.

"Say, pap, does that man own the railroad?"

"No, sonny, he is only the brakeman."

"Why does he slam the door so hard?"

"Maybe so that he will break something."

"Is that the reason they call him brakeman?"

"Be still, Johnny, until we get through the tunnel."

"I'll bet that if I had a \$100 I'd get a suit like the brakeman wears."

"What would you do?" asked

"I'd buy it to Sunday school and give it to the brakeman. Then I'd tell

Georgia Ghost Stories.

"I know a lady who saw a sure enough ghost," interrupted a gentle man from Fulton. "Her name is Aunt Martha, and she lived out here near the river. Her house lay between the lines when the Federals were passing Atlanta. Several years after the war she picked up a skull on her farm which she carried home and placed under the head of her bed. That night she had a most horrible dream. A man without a head was walking around the house crying mournfully for something which he had lost. At last the latch was lifted, the door was opened, the figure stepped in, walking briskly up to the bedside, exclaimed in thunder tones, 'I want my head!' The lady opened her eyes, and found herself sitting up in bed with the skull in her hand, in the act of giving it to the owner. He adjusted it on his shoulders, and, bowing his thanks, left the house."

This story aroused a Walton County man, who lives near a haunted house. It was one of the finest houses in Walton County before the war, but when the owner went to the front of the family left, and the house was uninhabited. One day a strange lady and gentleman, with a beautiful 15-year-old girl, were seen moving about the house. They made no acquaintances, and no one knew them. Stories began to circulate that at the hour of midnight terrible cries of pain could be heard from the house. Then the cries ceased, and on one was seen around the place. A committee of curious people entered the house for investigation one day. The lady was found chained to the wall with provisions within reach, but no trace of the man or the girl could be found. The woman refused to talk, and that night disappeared. Ever since that time strange noises have been heard in that house. A dozen people have tried to live in it, but in vain. One of the most recent tenants was a preacher. He boldly declared his purpose to rely on the power of prayer. One of the first sights beheld by the people at dawn next day was a wagon loaded with the preacher's furniture and family. He shook his head sadly when questioned, and re-used to make any answer."

A listener from Sumter County, who had exhibited the greatest interest in the relation of the above stories, claimed the telling of the next. "One of the first settlers of Sumter, whose name was prominent in public matters, had a daughter on whom his heart was set. She was of graceful mold, jet-black tresses streaming down over her shoulders, her eyes were of the softest blue, and her lips of the most tempting red. Her spirits drooped, and the brilliancy of her eyes faded. The father pressed her for the cause of her grief, only to discover, to his indignation, that she deeply loved the teacher who had recently taken charge of the local school. The old gentleman, one of the trustees, had the offender attended dismissed, and ordered him away from the country. When he went home his daughter was missing. His first thought was that she had eloped, but on looking at a bend in the Muckalee River, where the girl used to spend much of her time in meditation, he saw in the ripples the outline of a white figure. It proved to be the dead body of his daughter. In her breast was found a note. 'Dear Father: As you refuse to agree to my happiness here, I have sought my bridal in the Muckalee. Good-bye.' The old man went home and was found dead next morning. And now, strange to say, on the night of the anniversary of this tragedy the figure of a fair young girl can be seen running wildly along the banks of the Muckalee. I have never seen it myself, but Mr. Warner, that the majority of diseases come from kidney and liver complaints?"

"I do! When you see a person moping and groveling about, half dead and half alive, year after year, you may surely put him down as having a kidney or liver complaint."

"For four years I have tried to convince the public that nearly all the diseases of the human system originate in some disorder of the kidneys or liver, and hence I have logically declared that if our specific were used, overingly potent, these ailments would disappear. The liver and kidneys seem to absorb these poisons from the blood and become depraved and diseased."

"When these eminent authorities thus publicly admit that there is no more likely cure for the kidneys and liver, to throw off the frightened and half-dead, than the use of stimulants, it is an admission of its power as great as any one could desire; for if through its influence alone the opium, morphine, quinine, cocaine, and liquor habits are overcome, what higher testimonial of its specific power could be asked for?"

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THE WAY OF LIFE.

Choice Literature for Saints and Sinners to Reflect Upon.

IN BOTH PROSE AND VERSE.

Without and Within—Advice to a Young Man—The Time of Christ's Coming—Watching.

Without and Within.

Out of the pitch-black night,
And the rush of the driving rain,
Bolted and fear-oppressed,
Ahd to my window came;

There I found it a stirring to gain
The inner warmth and the light,
Gruely beat at his heart,
With cries of terror and blame,

"Gainst the wilfully streaming pane.

So I went out to the night
And the cold, slow-driven rain,
Wilfully lashing the pane,
And took the bird in my hand

And bore to the cheerful light,
But he could not understand;

For he had seen the bright
At the sudden brightness, he springs

And flashes at the room,

And circles the lamp, till again,

With the flutter of useless wings,
He brings back the midnight gloom.

Again, with the glistening dawn,
I find my bird at the pane,

Filled with fear and unrest,
Crying and striving to gain

The air, now sweetened with rain,
And cruelly beating his heart,

In eager haste to be gone,

So I take him and even the door,

And say, "Go free," as he springs

Away on his jubilant wings,

And I see my bird no more.

How like in our foly are we!

How slow to understand;

In our hearts and the ray

Given to show us the way,

And on, unceasable light,

In the world's long desolate night,

How we yearn and struggle for thee!

And why should we fear the hand

That carries us tenderly

How often we run the ray

Given to show us the way,

And points to the brightening sky,

The dawn of the perfect?

—H. E. Warner.

Advice to a Young Man.

My son, I observe that you are

pleased to be a little bit sarcastic on

the subject of the "modern evangelist."

You sneer at him because, unlike

Philip the evangelist, he carefully

avoids the way "which is desert," and

refuses to preach, save in the great

cities, in the busy centers of religious

activity, where there are great multitudes and much applause, and, as you

hold, some gain. All this is undoubtedly true. The evangelist of to-day loves a crowd. He knows the value of a huge audience and rattling fusades of applause. He will not go into the

desert on the chance of converting a

single sinner from far away Ethiopia,

but don't you see he can fire his gospel

battery into a whole regiment of sinners by going to the town. As he does

not have the power that certain old-fashioned preachers had two thousand

years ago, of drawing the multitude

after him into the wilderness, he wisely

goes after the multitude. But, then,

my boy, so do the eloquent preachers

of no religion. So do these learned

and unselfish men who teach suffering

humanity that the evangelist is a fraud

and all religion a sham. They likewise

seek the city and the multitudes, and,

not having the faith in the financial liberality of their audiences that the

evangelist has in his, these reformers

fear to lean upon the much-deplored

colossal collection and so charge 50

cents at the door. No ticket, no liberal

theology. It is only the gospel that is

free, after all, my son. Now, do let

the evangelist have his way as well as

the "reformers." Let him go where

the crowd is. He won't hurt the crowd.

He doesn't teach the multitude to do

anything wrong. Herr Molitdien's

got into jail for listening to Sam Jones.

The Chicago Anarchists were not the

outgrowth of a revival meeting. No

Presbyterian elder, no Methodist class-

leader, no Baptist deacon has been in

dictated for throwing bombs at the

police. There may have been an infidel

or two, a free-thinker, maybe, an atheist,

perhaps, mixed up in that crowd of

Anarchists; I do not positively know,

but there may have been; you can

easily ascertain. But I do know that

the deacon and the elder weren't there.

None of Sam Jones' converts were

there. The evangelist may have some

odd, rough, funny ways of teaching,

but he doesn't teach evil. He doesn't

persuade men to do wrong. He doesn't

lift up his voice and cry aloud for free

whisky and no Sunday. It is true that

he gets paid for his preaching, but it

seems to me, my son, that some kinds

of preaching are worth paying for as

well as others. —Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Time of Christ's Coming.

Tacitus, who saw only the ruin and

desolation, stands as one under a mid-

night sky, whose darkness has fallen on

a continuous blot upon the landscapes.

Human nature itself is in decay; virtue

has died out, servility and rapacity are

universal; despotism has become a ne-

cessity; and he describes the face of

things as if he were the last man who

stood self-contained, wrapped in his

mantle and surveying the ruins. "What

is unknown," he says, is thought grand

and mighty; but no longer is there any

tribe beyond us, nothing but waves and

rocks, and Romans fiercer than they,

whose unrelenting cruelty you would

vainly escape by obedience and good

behavior. Blunderers of the world,

after the land falls from their ravage,

they grope into the sea, being greedy

of his wealth if the enemy be rich, im-

bibing his servility if he be poor; men

whom neither East nor West can satiate.

Alone of mankind they covet alike

men's affluence and men's indigence,

and, as if they were the only ones who

have a claim to the world, they falsely

call themselves the chosen people.

They young man who invited his

friends to a dinner, and who, in the

name of his mother, invited his

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FREE TRADE IN WOOL

Sheep very cheap.

Ten Cents

—FOR—

Men & Boys Knit Wool

STORM CAPS.

ALL COLORS AND STYLES

Low prices make trade. That is why we are doing the clothing business. Everybody entitled to a prize.

Sam, Pete & Max.

Indiana's "Boss" Clothiers.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, OCT. 31, 1886.

THE CITY NEWS.

The naturalization of new citizens will be an important and rushing industry till election day.

Hon. E. O'Rourke will address the people of Marion township, at Williamsport this evening.

The Nickel Plate excursion to the Fall Stock show at Chicago, Tuesday, Nov. 16, will be well patronized.

The Wabash Courier says: "Joe Russell, of Fort Wayne, visited his old Wabash friends last Sunday.

J. M. Robinson and A. M. Darroch speak to-night at Wide Awake school house, Washington township.

Mrs. Wm. Gaffney continues very ill and little hopes are entertained that she will recover, we regret to learn.

Hon. R. C. Bell and Hon. S. M. Hinch will address the citizens of Adams township at the Center school house this evening.

Of the nineteen thousand Democrats in this district, over sixteen thousand voted for Judge Lowry's nomination at Auburn. No kicker can deny this.

Engine 1076, which became disabled one evening last week at Delphi, by breaking a side rod, has been repaired at Fort Wayne and returned to Andrews.

The Monroeville Breeze says: "The egg outrage was bad enough, but not any worse than the lengthy lies which have appeared in the Gazette and News concerning the affair."

A Wabash train which left St. Louis Thursday morning, collided with a freight train when ten miles out of that city. Both engines were wrecked and an engineer and brakeman were killed.

Wild game may be hunted in this state as follows: Quail and pheasant, Oct. 15 to Dec. 30; prairie chickens, Sept. 1 to Feb. 1; woodcock, July 1 to Jan. 1; duck, Sept. 1 to April 15; deer, Oct. 1 to Jan. 1.

Wm. Clem and family have moved to Monroeville and are now located in their comfortable dwelling house lately purchased of A. Scarr. Mr. Clem is the man who drew \$15,000 in the Louisiana lottery some time ago.

Engine 1562, a "hog," new out of the Fort Wayne shop, has been exchanged at Tilton for engine 1138, a "creeper," Engineer Ball in charge. This makes the tenth of that class of engines now on the eastern division.

Mr. W. D. Baker came home from the west, armed with papers from the governor of Dakota, giving him power to arrest and return to that territory two men, who now reside near Akron, Ohio, on a charge of embezzlement. He took his men back with him.

The Huntingdon News-Express says: "Engineer Ike Siddall, No. 1019, has laid off to fix his wood shed at Fort Wayne. Gunton holds the throttle in his stead.—Engineer Robert Hamilton, after a brief vacation, resumed his accustomed place on passenger locomotive 1013, last week."

Tramps are becoming a nuisance about town, and in some instances their insolence is almost intolerable. This is the season when they appear in large numbers, and if the police force has any regard for suffering humanity, they will make the outcasts move on as fast as they strike town.

At the synodical meeting of the Woman's Home and Foreign missionary societies at Fort Wayne last week, Mrs. M. E. Goodman, of Kendallville, secretary, in her synodical report said of the Fort Wayne presbytery: "The societies of Fort Wayne presbytery have raised for all home missionary purposes during the last fiscal year \$538.36 in cash and sent out boxes valued at \$264.17, total \$802.53. This is \$301.47 in excess of last year's receipts and should be the occasion for devout thanksgiving." Of the money raised in the state Mrs. Goodman said: "The whole amount raised in the state for home missionary purposes has been \$4,416.15, and the value of boxes sent out is \$1,000, making a total value

The "Private Secretary" company, that play here to-night, were treated to a pleasant surprise at Logansport Thursday evening. Mr. George S. Smith, the manager, got up a banquet in honor of his birthday, and the company was invited to partake of it. The feast was served by the New French hotel, making a total value

of \$1,000. It was in the city.

Mr. Frank Falke is putting in new bar fixtures in his house of call.

Joseph Levy, advance agent of Lawrence Barrett, is in the city.

To-morrow, Oct. 31, is what is known in the Lutheran church as Reformation day.

George A. Getz, of Fort Wayne, has been added to the list of extra Wabash brakemen.

Frank Talford, a former fireman at Andrews, is now engaged in farming near Adrian, Mich.

There is a big rush for naturalization papers every day now in anticipation of the coming election.

Charlie Pierce, a former Wabash brakeman, was reinstated in the service of the company this week.

The Wabash has begun the erection of a new wheat elevator at Shadeland, a new siding on the Wabash.

J. M. Robinson addressed a large meeting at the Hoosier school house in Lafayette township last night.

Conductor Stevens has left the service of the Wabash company. Barnhardt has been assigned to his crew and coaches.

Mr. Will McKinnie is re-arranging the lunch room at the popular railroad eating house, to accommodate his increasing business.

A young son of Officer Mike Singleton had his foot and ankle squeezed in a lumber pile this morning and the limb was dislocated.

The case of Geo. Meyer was heard to-day before Justice Ryan and the end is not yet, as there is some question about the legal status of the case.

Annie Cull was arrested last night and the mayor let her go on a promise to behave herself. The woman has been away from the city for a long time.

Subscribe for the DAILY SENTINEL. It not only gives all the local news, but also the telegraphic news the world over every day. Its subscription price is but ten cents a week.

The Kendallville Standard says: "Dr. Stemen, of Fort Wayne, occupied the M. E. church pulpit last Sunday morning and evening. He thinks it is not right for church members to play progressive cards and get 'boodle' prizes and such."

Conductor Sheehan, formerly of the Muncie road, is in the city greeting his old friends. Mr. Sheehan is now running on the Missouri division of the Wabash and when he returns to Springfield his daughter will accompany him.

We are informed that Mr. H. C. Boughton, with the Wabash road at Andrews, during the present campaign has treated all persons interested in the election of either ticket impartially and has refused to lend aid or influence in any direction. Such a course is commendable and deserves praise.

Ezra Baker, for several years past the very efficient freight agent of the Grand Rapids and Indiana railway at Portland, has been promoted by receiving a position in the general freight office at Grand Rapids. He is succeeded there by Chas. Schermerhorn, a clever gentleman and well qualified for the position.

John Louden, head sawyer on the Delibis mill in Madison township, barely escaped what might have been a horrible death the other day. While setting the saw gauge the wrench slipped, throwing Mr. Louden upon the saw, but a fortune was bent in his favor, he escaped with only an ugly flesh wound on the right wrist.

Miss Bertha, the young daughter of Mr. C. W. Jacobs, the East Main street baker, died last evening at 8 o'clock, of typhoid fever, while visiting at the residence of Mr. Gottlieb Brudi, near New Haven. She was a very bright girl of about thirteen years of age and was the picture of health when she left home last Monday in high spirits.

A Roanoke correspondent says: "Al Baldwin, of Toledo, a conductor on passenger train No. 42 and 45, was in town the first of the week, visiting R. W. Jamieson and others who enjoy an occasional tramp with a shot gun. Mr. Baldwin is one of the most gentlemanly conductors on the Wabash, and the 'boys' here sought to make his visit as pleasant as possible."

Our little violinist, Lillian Mathis, who first appeared in public in this city when but seven years old, and later played at several concerts at the M. E. college, under the direction and instruction of Prof. Otto Schmidt, has recently been enrolled at the college of music of Cincinnati. She passed an excellent examination before Prof. Neff and the principal instructor of violin music, Prof. Schradieck, who is her instructor in the second years course. She is the youngest girl pupil for violin at the college, being only ten years old and her friends have high hopes of a future success worthy her talents and ambition.

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Lawrence Barrett, a "Wabash 'Bishop'" in this city.

Mrs. William Morris and Mrs. Gus Basch left last evening for Detroit.

P. B. Colerick and W. H. Shambaugh will address the voters at Leo Monday night at 7:30.

The St. Paul's fair closes to-night.

Mr. Christ Werner won the big horn chair last night.

The great drug store of Meyer Bros., of this city, is to be enlarged and made more convenient.

Miss Ella Brayton, a dressmaker, was taken to the City hospital to-day, a sufferer from typhoid fever.

Don't fail to see the "Private Secretary" at the Temple to-night. It is the greatest of all Madison Squares.

Judge Lowry's boom is spreading like a great prairie fire. The republicans are disgusted at Captain White's neglect.

It is said Willis Mairi issues naturalization papers free to republicans, but democrats have to plank down \$1 cash.

Samuel Shirey and Clara Krummacker, Christian J. Kaiser and Louise C. W. Thiele have been licensed to wed.

The officers and teachers of the three Presbyterian churches will meet at the Third Presbyterian church this evening.

Mr. Will McKinnie is re-arranging the lunch room at the popular railroad eating house, to accommodate his increasing business.

A young son of Officer Mike Singleton had his foot and ankle squeezed in a lumber pile this morning and the limb was dislocated.

Will it be a dull, lonesome time after next Tuesday? No candidates or anxious friends to call on you to inquire about your health, happiness, etc.

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The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 30, 1886.

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

BARBARISM.

Cruel Treatment and Death of Bishop Manning in Africa.

LONDON, Oct. 30.—The diary of Bishop Manning, who was put to death by order of King Munga, of Uganda, Africa, has been published, giving the details of the last week of his life. He describes the arrival of his party at Subwas, where the chief, at the head of 1,000 troops, demanded ten guns and three barrels of powder. The chief asked Bishop Manning to remain with him for a day and the latter complied. While taking a walk the bishop was attacked by about twenty natives. He struggled with his assailants but became weak and faint and was dragged violently a long distance by the legs. When his persecutors halted they stripped him, robbed him and imprisoned him in a noisome hut, full of vermin and decaying harness. While he was lying there ill and helpless, the chief and his wife came out of curiosity to feast their eyes on him. On the next day he was allowed to return to his own tent, where, though still ill, he felt more comfortable. He was still guarded, however, by natives. He remained in bed during the following day, parties of the chief's wives, out of idle curiosity, coming daily to see him. He was allowed to send messages to his friends, but he believed that they were intercepted. On the seventh day he writes, the fever continued; that night the place swarmed with vermin, that the guards were drunk and noisy, and he was unable to sleep. At last he became delirious. On the eighth day, October 20, he was conscious. His entry on this day was brief. "No news. A hymn was sung all night, smelling a sick man. Hope he will not have me yet." This is the final entry. It is believed that shortly after writing this he was taken out and put to death. Throughout the week there were frequent entries referring to the comfort he derived from reading psalms.

Weather Indications.

WASHINGON, Oct. 30.—The weather indications are as follows:

Indiana, fair weather, slightly warmer.

STRUCK GAS.

A Good Vein of the Natural Gas Tapped in This City.

The workmen at the well near Berghoff's factory struck a vein of gas with their drill last evening at 4:30. While a great crowd stood about watching the vapor some one struck a match, and instantly there was a serious explosion. A son of Mr. Linton's out there was badly burned, an employee of White's wheel works had his whiskers scorched, and others suffered slightly. Now the gas escapes through a six inch pipe on the side and burns constantly. It will be sent through two inch pipes to morrow and this will make a strong, high flame.

Monday on Tuesday the projectors will "shout" or "blow" the well with nitro-glycerine. This dangerous explosive will be brought over land from Lima and by means of tubing it is inserted into and exploded at the bottom of the well. It generally tears an opening as big as a hay stack in the bowels of the earth. Here the gas can gather and it will gush. The gentlemen interested in the well have a bonanza.

They are Not Candidates.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

There is being circulated a national ticket with the names of R. B. Green and Capt. J. H. Rohan on the same. Our names were used without our knowledge. We are not candidates and trust our friends will not be deceived.

R. B. GREEN.

J. H. ROHAN.

Fort Wayne, Oct. 29, 1886.

Haley's Trial.

Bill Haley's trial for the murder of Matthew Crosby, last spring, began Tuesday at Paulding. W. H. Snook and M. D. Maynard appeared for the state, and Col. B. F. Enos and T. B. Holland, for the defense. The attorneys for the defense made a motion for a change of venue which was overruled by Judge Shippen. Out of the thirty-six names from which to select the jury, only ten were found who could serve, and these will be subject to challenge. Wednesday a new venire was struck and the deputy sheriffs are out serving summons on the names. This is as far as the trial has progressed.

Judge Hinch's Farm.

Prof. N. D. Douglass, of this city, has returned from Port Royal, Pa., the old home of Judge Hinch. Mr. Douglass was born and reared in Abbot township, in this county, and has been for several years principal of the New Haven schools. We print below the following communication from him, which will refute a campaign lie started against Judge Hinch:

Fort Wayne, Oct. 29.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

I left this city five weeks ago on a visit to Port Royal, Union county, Pa., the old home of Judge Hinch. Before

the judge owned a farm in the vicinity of his old home of the value of \$15,000. I have relatives living in Port Royal and vicinity and also in other parts of Juniata county, Pa., and have made inquiries to ascertain if such was the fact, hoping to see the farm the judge has had the credit of owning, and, although sorry for the judge's sake that such is not true, must say that such farm must exist only in imagination and that Judge Hinch does not own a farm worth \$15,000, or of any other value, in Juniata county, Pa.

Very respectfully,

N. D. DOUGLASS.

A Democrat from Principle.

MONROEVILLE, Ind., Oct. 28.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

DEAR SIR.—Enclosed you will find a ticket sent to me by some one. He says he knows me to be a democrat from principle and as such asks me to vote for J. B. White. This I will say: I am a democrat from principle and as such will vote the straight democratic ticket as nominated—state, county and district—and think no democrat from principle would think of trading a man like Judge Lowry for a man like J. B. White.

Yours respectfully,

S. F. BAKER.

DOWN TO CHESTNUTS

Captain White and His Friends Relinquish All Efforts to Establish His Citizenship and Are Playing the Baby Act.

All day yesterday republicans searched the court records for anything like a second naturalization document with Capt. J. B. White's name on. Prominent republicans were telephoned to for aid, but they are silent, and up to 4 o'clock this afternoon the captain's great army of legal talent have not presented a reason, or cited a law attempting to establish Mr. White's citizenship, nor have they related how the case "was misunderstood by them." Every attempt to make Captain White eligible is a flat failure.

In utter despair, the blackest republicans are playing the "baby act" and crying "know nothing." These men paraded the streets right here under a republican banner, while it was raised for an Irishman or German to be seen abroad. These republicans have a foreigner, they favored a law making him own so much property and live here twenty-one years before he could vote, and in now say the "alien haters" caring for foreigners, it prompts a man to risk a sheet of hell, or shout "rat!" at them.

Capt. White has his card out in persons, but he has no proof, "and" as a German voter said this morning "he must have them before he gets my vote." I could not get a passport to Germany until I got a copy of my first papers and Captain White did not know enough to get them, I guess wed better leave him at home."

Hon. J. K. Edgerton, a former member of congress and a constitutional lawyer of recognized ability, discusses Capt. White's eligibility to a seat in congress, so that THE SENTINEL prefers to say no more, but direct attention to his clinching, convincing and exhaustive treatise of the question.

A LIE NAILED.

How Judge Lowry Fought Know-Nothingism.

WICHITA, Ind., Oct. 31, I was a resident of Goshen during all the time of the existence of the Know-Nothing order. Judge Lowry also lived there. To my certain knowledge he fought that organization and denounced its principles from its very beginning up to the time of its downfall.

FRANK VOTOLI.

Jeweler.

DEMOCRATS!

You're Likely to Lose the Lower House of Congress.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 31.—Last evening a gentleman saw the figures at the democratic congressional committee headquarters showing probable democratic losses on Tuesday next. They are as follows: "New York, 4; New Jersey, 2; Virginia, 1; West Virginia, 1; North Carolina, 1; Ohio, 6; Michigan, 4; Indiana, 1; Illinois, 2; Iowa, 2; Kentucky, 1; Pennsylvania, 1; total losses, 25." The gentleman claimed are: "California, 2; Tennessee, 1; South Carolina, 1; total, 4, leaving a conceded democratic loss of 21. As there is a democratic majority of but one in the fiftieth congress, this is alarming to democrats.

The republicans are making a desperate effort to carry the general assembly in order that they may return to the United States senate, that may continue in waga war against the appointment of honest and capable men to government positions on the side ground that they are democrats.

This entire democratic ticket will be elected beyond a doubt. Democrats, put your shoulder to the wheel and make the majorities larger than ever before.

CAN YOU DOUBT THIS?

Hon. J. K. Edgerton Examines the Law Carefully and Gives an Honest Opinion That Capt. J. B.

White is Not Eligible to a Seat in Congress.

Is J. B. White Eligible?

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

The question stated, having been raised, and voters fore-warned, it cannot be settled, either by Captain White's declaration, "I am a citizen of the United States," nor by the opinion of any number of lawyers.

In the absence of a statement of the fact on which they base it, "The Lawyer's Card," published in THE SENTINEL of last evening, signed by Judge Morris, and others of Captain White's avowed supporters, should influence no man, American citizenship is too valuable a possession to be trifled with and what the constitution and the laws require in regard to it, cannot be waived or put aside for the sake of Captain White's the incongruous combination of political schemers, who are using him to effect, if possible, the defeat of Judge Lowry.

Every good citizen is concerned to know the right of this case, be it effect what it may.

Captain White's alienage up to at least the 21st day of July, 1868, when he declared his intention to become a citizen is an undisputed fact. If he then became, or has since become a citizen, the evidence would be record evidence, and exist somewhere, and he incapable of production. A lost record or lost evidence is not alleged. Has the evidence been produced? If so, what is it? Who has seen it?

These are the points of the case:

1. If Captain White claims to be a citizen by virtue of his declaration of July 24, 1868, he must show by record evidence that he subsequently, and not less than two years after July 24, 1868, was "admitted" to citizenship by proceedings in a competent court, duly "recorded" by the clerk of the court.
2. If Captain White claims to be a citizen under the 21st Section of the Act of Congress of July 17, 1863, by virtue of having been "honorably discharged" from the military service of the United States, he must show that he has been legally admitted to such citizenship by confirmation to that act.

1. He must have filed "his petition" and renounced his allegiance to his former sovereign.

2. He must have proved "one year" in the United States previous to his application.

3. He must have proved "good moral character."

4. Made proof of his "having been honorably discharged from the service of the United States."

Until these four pre-requisites to his being "admitted" to citizenship are established, by proceedings in court, Captain White cannot be a citizen. It is not the military service, nor the discharge, nor the one year's prior residence, nor the moral character that admits a man to citizenship, but the proceedings in court, verifying the facts and proved by the record.

5. If Captain White bases his claim to citizenship upon the first section of the act of Congress of May 20, 1862, declaring the conditions upon which an alien minor may become a citizen, after a continuous residence of three years prior to his becoming of full age, &c., he must show that he has complied with the conditions of that law, by filing the application and making the proof it requires. It cannot be pretended that Captain White's affidavit and declaration of July 24, 1868, was intended to be, or was in fact, a proceeding under that act, and he is not therefore a citizen by virtue of it.

In all these proceedings for naturalization, one cardinal fact is essential—an absolute renunciation under oath of the applicant's former allegiance—in White's case only a declaration of intention is shown, not an absolute renunciation.

Lastly. Admitting that Captain White can now, by proper proceeding in court, "be admitted" a citizen under his first declaration of 1868, or file "his petition" and make the proper proof, and "be admitted," under the act of July 17, 1862, or make "his application" and proper proof, and "be admitted" under the act of May 20, 1862, he will become a citizen only from the time of his admission. By no act of his now or hereafter, can he antedate his citizenship, or become a citizen by rotation.

To be eligible to be a representative in congress, now, or on the 4th of March next, he must for seven years prior to the commencement of his term of office, have been a citizen of the United States. Such is the imperative condition of the constitution of the United States (Art. 1, Sec. 2) and it is not in the power of any man or party to over-ride it.

If these views be correct, as I believe they are, the man who will vote for Captain White will cast a void vote—in other words, throw his vote away.

The case of General Shields, of Illinois, cited by the Gazette of this morning, is falsely stated, and is directly the reverse of the statement in regard to it. I have examined the case. It is reported in Vol. 20 of Congressional Globe, p. 331 to 351. Appendix, March, 1849.

Objection was raised to the credentials of General Shields, a senator-elect from Illinois, on the ground, that at the time of his election, he had not been for nine years a citizen of the United States. The credentials were referred to a special committee, who duly reported against the validity of General Shields' election. Pending the debate on the report, General Shields resigned his seat, but the senate, without a division, passed the resolution declaring his election void. Webster, Calhoun, Douglas, and other eminent senators, took part in the debate.

General Shields, having been re-elected to the senate, his nine years of citizenship being passed, took his seat in December, 1849, without further question. He was naturalized under the act of May 26, 1842, relating to an alien minor, and the record of naturalization, before the senate, therefore showed only one application. There was no question, as the Gazette states, of first or second papers. The only question was as to the nine years of citizenship.

The Gazette very strangely asks: "Does any man believe that if White was ineligible that Lowry would tell it?" Judge Lowry, or his friends, who raised this question, did just what honorable men should and would do, as soon as they discovered the fact of ineligibility. They gave voters fair notice that Captain White could not be elected, if voted for, so that his friends could in time, if they saw fit, place another candidate in the field. Knowing the facts now, no honest voter can claim that he voter in ignorance, and if his vote is lost the fault is his own.

JOSUE K. EDGEPORTON.

Oct. 29, 1886.

PEASANT TOWNSHIP

The Voice of a Good Old Democrat is Hard for an Honest Vote.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

I received a circular represented as coming from the independent democratic central committee. I was not aware there was such an organization. I was aware there was an organization of disaffected office-seekers or sore-head democrats that want to slaughter Judge Lowry, but why not support Stanley of your own choosing. The circular contained two tickets, all democrats but J. B. White's name. You said in your circular I was a consistent democrat, which is true, and all consistent democrats should support the ticket of Stanley of your own choosing.

2. If Captain White claims to be a citizen under the 21st Section of the Act of Congress of July 17, 1863, by virtue of having been "honorably discharged" from the military service of the United States, he must show that he has been legally admitted to such citizenship by confirmation to that act.

3. If Captain White bases his claim to citizenship upon the first section of the act of Congress of May 20, 1862, declaring the conditions upon which an alien minor may become a citizen, after a continuous residence of three years prior to his becoming of full age, &c., he must show that he has complied with the conditions of that law, by filing the application and making the proof it requires.

4. Made proof of his "having been honorably discharged from the service of the United States."

Until these four pre-requisites to his being "admitted" to citizenship are established, by proceedings in court, Captain White cannot be a citizen. It is not the military service, nor the discharge, nor the one year's prior residence, nor the moral character that admits a man to citizenship, but the proceedings in court, verifying the facts and proved by the record.

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FASHION'S REIGN.

Notes About Styles, Materials, and Colors of Feminine Apparel.

COSTUMES, BONNETS, HATS, ETC.

A Variety of Information Upon the All-important Question, What Shall We Wear?

Plush and Cashmere.

The reign of plush is thoroughly established and its rule is absolute. Plush for the breakfast gown, plush for the tea gown, plush for the dress, plush for the reception costume, plush for the dancing dress—the uses into which plush is forced are manifold, and it is confounding feminine favor upon itself in a fashion thoroughly characteristic of an age of signs and monopolies. It is plush here, there, and everywhere—plush stripes upon silk, plush stripes upon satin, plush pure and simple. The accepted clothing of woman is plush for her gown, for her wrap, for her bonnet, plush from head to foot.

Toiles to Silk and Velvet.

In ample black silk a stylish costume has the front formed of diagonal folds of black velvet, alternating with a fullness of very rich point-macrame lace in black, the lace being nearly three-quarters of a yard wide; just beyond this dress stands one of bronze silk, trimmed with graduated bands of plush, made fluffy at the ends, and with waist finish of beads.

In more green gros grain is a most striking toilet, with trimmings of jet on skirt and corsage, and in heliotrope there is a lovely dress with skirt of moire, bust of soft plain silk, with large box plait down center, studded with ornaments in shaded heliotrope bands, and on the right side of this plait is a narrow panel of embroidered silk, showing as many shades of heliotrope silk as are in the bands on the panel. Tunic draped on the left side, falling plainly on the right side over long pins of the material. Corsage of moire with open flaps of plain silk over an embroidered faille plastron. Sleeves of silk embroidered on the outside, with collar embroidered to match.

For deep mounting a very handsome costume of B. Prester's silk warp Henrietta is profusely trimmed with Courtland's cape, arranged in skirt in vandykes of plait and put in in plastrons and bands. The waist of Henrietta has shoulder sleeves of cape and is bordered about its edges with a band of cape. The bonnet is of cape, with full jet beads. The silk warp camel's hair fabrics are also among the various head novelties, and these come in cambric and blue-lace for mounting costumes and ordinary full-dress wear.

Parton Notes.

SEERS have broad-fringed sashes with borders in Roman effects.

A EXCELSI silver bouquet-holder is studded with pearls and rubies.

A ring of beauty has a small diamond butterfly with eyes of turquoise.

FEATHER turbans are trimmed with bands of plumes or eagles' feathers.

STOOGES, with chevron ground, have palm-leaf patterns in two work in self-colors.

A pale blue muslin reception gown has a long full train, of golden brown plush edged by wide bars of brocade silk in blue and brown.

Even over children the all conquering plush extends its sway. A little girl of ten years wears an evening dress of pink plush with a jacket off-set and such in olive green plush, and a miss just entering her teens wears Nile green silk with panels of very dark green plush. Next to plush costumes is possibly in evening colors the favorite material of the season. A pale blue faille Francesco dancing dress is made with a plain skirt, over which is draped a beautiful embroidered cashmere of the same shade in open-work lace effects. This lace is high in the neck, and laid in the back with a silk cord. The front has a full plastron of the cashmere caught up on the shoulder with a bow of silk. The sleeves are full and caught in at the wrist. Another dancing toilet has a plaited skirt of white satin, with drapery of white embroidered cashmere.

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THE WAY OF LIFE.

Choice Literature for
Saints
and Sinners to Reflect
Upon.

IN BOTH PROSE AND VERSE.

Without and Within—Advice to a Young
Man—The Time of Christ's Coming—
Walking—Waltzing.

Without and Within.

Out of the pitch-dark night,
At the risk of the driving rain,
Bolted and fear-overset,
A burst to my wretched camp;
Tires found straining to gain
The inner warmth and the light,
Grimly baring his breast,
With ribs of terror and bone,
Clawed the wildly straining pants.
I leapt out into the light,
And the cold, clear-driven rain,
Wildly lashed the pines,
And took the bird in my hand
And bade to the cheerful lights,
To the stars in the leaden lead;
Forced with iron hands,
At the boundless brightness, he springs
And dashes about the room,
And circles the lamp, till, ha!—
With the cluster of luciferous whips
He strips back the madrigal gloom.
Awe, with the grommeting down,
I find my bird at once
Paled with fear and stress,
Crying and straining to gain
The air, now sweetened with rain,
And the cold, clear-driven rain,
So I turn him and span the door,
And say, "Ho there, it is so bright,
Away on thy jubilant wings,
And tarry not more.

How like to our folly are not
How slow to understand,
To our impatience and fears,
How often we quench the ray
Given to share in the way,
And oh, unceasable light,
In the world's long, desolate night,
How we yearn and struggle for that
A light to lead us to the land
That carries us further,
And living through the gloom,
And opening the door of the room,
Where, prisoned in darkness, we lie,
And it is so bright, so bright,
And points to the brightening sky,
The shore of the perfect?

—W. E. Warner.

Advice to Young Men.

My son, I observe that you are pleased to be a little bit sarcastic on the subject of the "modern evangelist." You sneer at him, because, unlike Philip the evangelist, he carefully avoids the way "which is desert," and refuses to preach, save in the great cities, in the busy centers of religious activity, where there are great multitudes and much applause, and, as you hold, some gain. All this is undoubtedly true. The evangelist of to-day loves a crowd. He knows the value of a huge audience and rattling fusiles of applause. He will not go into the desert on the chance of converting a single sinner from far away Ethiopia, but if you see he can live his gospel battery into a whole regiment of sinners by going to the town. As he does not have the power that certain old-fashioned preachers had two thousand years ago, of drawing the multitude after him into the wilderness, he wishes after the multitude. But then, my boy, so do the eloquent preachers of no religion. So do these learned and unlearned men who teach suffering humanity that the evangelist is a fraud and all religion a sham. They likewise seek the city and the multitudes, and, not having the faith in the financial liberality of their audiences, that the evangelist has in his, these reformers fear to leave upon the much-denounced collection and the charge 50 cents at the door: "No ticket, no liberal theology. It is only the gospel that is free, after all, my son. Now, do let the evangelist have his way as well as the "reformers." Let him go where the crowd is. He won't have the crowd. He doesn't teach the multitude to do anything wrong. Here Most didn't get into jail for listening to St. Louis. The Chicago Anarchists were not the outgrowth of a revival meeting. No Presbyterian elder, no Methodist clergymen, no Baptist deacons has been indicted for throwing bombs at the police. There may have been an infant or two, a tree-thinker, maybe, or an atheist, perhaps, mixed up in that crowd of Anarchists; I do not personally know, but there may have been; you can easily ascertain. But I do know that the deacons and the elder weren't there. None of Sam Jones' converts were there. The evangelist may have some odd, rough, funny ways of touching, but he doesn't teach evil. He doesn't persuade men to do wrong. He doesn't lift up his voice and cry aloud for free whisky and no Sunday. It is true that he gets paid for his preaching, but kind of preaching are worth paying for as well as others.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

The Time of Christ's Coming.

Tacitus, who saw only the rain and desolation, shuns as one under a midnight sky, whose darkness has fallen on a continuous blot upon the landscape. Human nature itself is in decay; virtue has died out, servility and rapacity are universal; despotism has become a necessity; and he describes the face of things as if he were the last man who stood self-contained, wrapped in his mantle and surveying the ruins. "What is unknown," he says, is thought grand and mighty; but no longer is there any tribe beyond us, nothing but waves and rocks, and Romans fiercer than they, whose unrelenting cruelty you would vainly escape by obedience and good behavior. Blunderers of the world, after the land falls from their ravage, they grope into the sea, being greedy of his wealth if the enemy be rich, inflicting his servility if he be poor; men whom neither East nor West can subdue. Alone of mankind they covet, alike men's affluence and men's indigence. Theft, robbery, and robbery they falsely name empire; and where make a desert, they call it peace."

In a field as this Jesus Christ his head.

CHRIST'S FINISHED WORK.

Is the Subject of an Able Discourse by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

Christ's Wonderful Progress on Earth When Wendell, Edenton, and Power Were Arranged Against Him.

The text was John, xii, 4: "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

There is a profound satisfaction in the completion of anything we have undertaken. We fit the caspian with exaltation, while, on the other hand, there is nothing more disappointing than, after having toiled in a certain direction, to find our time is wasted and our investment profited. Christ came to throw up a highway on which we were to travel. He did not do it in a hasty, haphazard way. The foolish crew who attempted to follow him could not attain the sublime satisfaction which he expressed when He said, "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do."

A general, after gaining a great victory, was cumbering with his army for the night. He ordered sentinels to be stationed all around the camp as usual. One of the sentinels, as he went to his station, grumbled to himself, and said, "why could not the general left us have a quiet night's rest once, after beating the enemy?" I'm sure there's no need to be afraid of." The man then went to his station, and stood, for some time, looking about him. It was a bright summer night, with a harvest moon, but he could see nothing anywhere; so he said: "I'm terribly tired; I shall sleep for just five minutes, out of the moonlight, under the shadow of this tree." So he lay down.

Presently he started up, dreaming that some one had placed a lantern before his eyes, and he found that the man was shining brightly down on him through a hole in the branches of the tree above him. The next minute an arrow whizzed past his ear, and the whole died before him seemed alive with soldiers in dark-green caps, who sprung up from the ground where they had been silently creeping onward, and rushed toward him. Fortunately the arrow had missed him; so he shouted aloud to give the alarm, and he ran back to some other sentinels. The army was thus saved, and the soldier said, "I shall never forget so long as I live that when one is at war one must watch."

Our whole life is a way with evil. Just after we have conquered it, it sometimes attacks us when we least expect it. For example, when we have resisted the temptation to be gross and disobedient, sometimes when we are thinking, "How good we have been!" comes another sudden temptation, and we are not on our guard, and do not resist. Jesus says to us, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."—New York Observer.

STRIKE PRAEACH OF JESUS.

Some eminent specialists maintain that one-third of mankind are crazy, and ought to be in asylums. Dr. Jayne would have been considered, if not for his power that certain old-fashioned preachers had two thousand years ago, of drawing the multitude after him into the wilderness, he wished after the multitude. But then, my boy, so do the eloquent preachers of no religion. So do these learned and unlearned men who teach suffering humanity that the evangelist is a fraud and all religion a sham. They likewise seek the city and the multitudes, and, not having the faith in the financial liberality of their audiences, that the evangelist has in his, these reformers fear to leave upon the much-denounced collection and the charge 50 cents at the door: "No ticket, no liberal theology. It is only the gospel that is free, after all, my son. Now, do let the evangelist have his way as well as the "reformers." Let him go where the crowd is. He won't have the crowd. He doesn't teach the multitude to do anything wrong. Here Most didn't get into jail for listening to St. Louis. The Chicago Anarchists were not the outgrowth of a revival meeting. No Presbyterian elder, no Methodist clergymen, no Baptist deacons has been indicted for throwing bombs at the police. There may have been an infant or two, a tree-thinker, maybe, or an atheist, perhaps, mixed up in that crowd of Anarchists; I do not personally know, but there may have been; you can easily ascertain. But I do know that the deacons and the elder weren't there. None of Sam Jones' converts were there. The evangelist may have some odd, rough, funny ways of touching, but he doesn't teach evil. He doesn't persuade men to do wrong. He doesn't lift up his voice and cry aloud for free whisky and no Sunday. It is true that he gets paid for his preaching, but kind of preaching are worth paying for as well as others.—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

THE TIME OF CHRIST'S COMING.

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"Men in military life have 'done their most wonderful deeds before 31 years of age.' The most wonderful deeds in military process have been done before 31 years of age. Just as a legislator—man becomes a legislator when he has had long years of experience. And yet the gray-headed seraphs were expected to bow down in silence before this young legislator who arranged sandalwood and incense.

Archie was old; Lycurgus was old; Sennacherib was old. The great legislators of the world have been old. Christ was young. All this was against Him. If a child is 12 years of age, he would get up in your presence to discuss great questions of metaphysics, or ethics, or politics, or grammar, you would not be surprised.

Popular opinion decries in these days, "Blessed are those who live simple." Popular opinion decries in these days, "Blessed is the merchant who has a costly

house, and the wife who has a costly house, and the children who have a costly education." Popular opinion decries in these days, "Blessed are those who live simple." Popular opinion decries in these days, "Blessed are those who live simple."

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REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BENJ. PERLEY POORE.

The incident of the evening, or night, rather, was between Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, and Mr. Fonda, then Senator from Mississippi. The dinner was ostensibly given to Fonda, then Governor-elect of Mississippi, and the duties of Governor in Jackson, Miss., Mr. Webster was commissioned to deliver the new Gov. Fonda an address.

The orator took the head of the table, and began his doggerel, the most charming, captivating, bewitching doggerel, with sparkles of pure poetry in it, that bubbled up and out, as from a Milton or a Byron; and the rhythmic doggerel and sparkling poetry ran on from him, it may have been a full half-hour, it may have been more. Here was Daniel Webster in a new character, the Willard, owned Tribune, owned Tribune, owned all the castles on its beach and all the skies that looked down into its waters, owned all the earth and all the deeps, owned all the clouds of mystery that came from the ocean.

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LADIES

FREE TRADE IN WOOL!

Sheep very cheap.

Ten Cents

FOR

Men & Boys Knit Wool

STORM CAPS.

ALL COLORS AND STYLES

Low prices make trade. That is why we are doing the clothing business. Everybody entitled to a price.

Sam, Pete & Max.

Indiana's "Boss" Clothiers.

Daily Sentinel

SATURDAY, OCT. 31, 1885.

THE CITY NEWS.

The naturalization of new citizens will be an important and rushing industry till election day.

Hon. E. O'Rourke will address the people of Marion township, at Williamsport this evening.

The Nickel Plate excursion to the Fair Stock show at Chicago, Tuesday, Nov. 16, will be well patronized.

The Wabash Courier says: "Joe Russell, of Fort Wayne, visited his old Wabash friends last Sunday.

J. M. Robinson and A. M. Darroch spent to-night at Wabash school house, Washington township.

Mrs. Wm. Goffney continues very ill and little hopes are entertained that she will recover, we regret to learn.

Hon. R. G. Bell and Hon. S. M. French will address the citizens of Adams township at the Center school house this evening.

We are informed that Mr. H. C. Boughton, with the Wabash road at Andrews, during the present campaign has treated all persons interested in the election of either ticket impartially and has refused to lend aid or influence in any direction. Such a course is commendable and deserves praise.

Era Baker, for several years past the very efficient freight agent of the Grand Rapids and Indiana railway at Portland, has been promoted by receiving a position in the general freight office at Grand Rapids. He is succeeded there by Clark Schomhorst, a clever gentleman and well qualified for the position.

John Loudon, head sawyer on the Delville mill in Madison township, barely escaped what might have been a horrible death the other day. While setting the saw gauge the wrench slipped, throwing

Mr. Loudon upon the saw, but his fortune was bent in his favor, he escaped with only an ugly flesh wound on the right wrist.

Miss Bertha, the young daughter of Mr. G. W. Jacobs, the East Main street baker, died last evening at 8 o'clock, of typhoid fever, while visiting at her residence of Mr. Gottlieb Bradi, near New Haven. She was a very bright girl of about thirteen years of age and was the picture of health when she left home last Monday in high spirits.

A Rosamond correspondent says: "Al Baldwin, of Toledo, a conductor on passenger train No. 42 and 45, was in town the first of the week, visiting R. W. Jamison and others who enjoy an occasional romp with a shot gun. Mr. Baldwin is one of the most gentlemanly conductors on the Wabash, and the boys here sought to make his visit as pleasant as possible."

The Huntingdon News-Express says: "Engineer Iko Siddle, No. 1019, has left off to fix his wood shed at Fort Wayne. Clinton holds the throttle in his stead.—Engineer Robert Hamilton, after a brief vacation, resumed his accustomed place on passenger locomotive 1013, last week."

Tramps are becoming a nuisance about town, and in some instances their insolence is almost intolerable. This is the season when they appear in large numbers, and if the police force has any regard for suffering humanity, they will make the outcasts move on as fast as they strike town.

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